

INTO HIS TERRITORY

Next week I'll take Heidi,
hunting gear & search
for black bear in sierras.
I learned to hunt with
bow & arrow when growing
up. This time I'll carry
a beefed up handgun.
Heidi, a doberman, is
no bear dog. I'll take
her to ward off spooks
that cluster around me
when I'm alone in wild
country. I doubt a bear
will allow us closer
than yesterday's meal,
which is ok. A deeper
calling is luring me
into his territory.

BACK TO BEAR FLATS

September, in company
of a lifelong friend,
returned to Bear Flats
after 48 years & searched
until we found my Dad's
old deer camp. Aspens
were down, no ring of
campfire rocks, but a
spring tucked in clump
of willows hadn't moved.
We took each other's picture
at the site & flooded
with memories of family
& friends lost I had
a bittersweet cry.

LESSONS

In a recent questionnaire
I was asked to name
my favorite poets.
I wrote I no longer
have favorites, which
is true, but I'm
indebted to a few.
WCW taught me to trust
my voice, the every
day words I use.
Bukowski taught me
to trust my life.
It's the raw material.
Snyder taught me
wilderness doesn't stop
at forest edge.
It continues in me.

—Phil Weidman

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